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A NEWSPAPER'S USES

The Great Variety of Needs the Modern Journal Answers.

Joy of the Housewife and Small Boy Alike-Keeping Out the Blasts of Winter.

Everyone knows that a newspaper is printed to be read; to give the news pripapers, and in the end they supply such a variety of needs that it would seem profitable to sell them for other than reading purposes. Too frequently they supply the lack of other articles in almost every department of housekeeping. Many times they are considered very valuable by people who cannot even read. Educationally they are great, but from a domestic point of view the mere reading of them is sometimes a very small matter.

Look at the pantry shelves that are covered with them, with a fine display of fancy cuts made by the family shears. How gracefully they fall over the edges and how "tasty" they make the closet appear. Go into the cellar and see them wrapped carefully about the jars of fruit, to keep the light out, or about the hams and other edibles to protect them. Look in the chests of uraviers and see how many of the drawers are lined with the closely printed sheets. For splashers, they are behind the washstands beneath the muslin or fancy material, which shows only from the front, On a very cold day behold them folded tight and stuffed in the cracks of the doors and windows. When there is a knot hole in the floor they are softened with water and the pulp is packed into the space. It is not only in the homes of the very poor that they are used for curtains, but there is nothing better for keeping the eyes of the neighbors out and letting the light in, where the houses are too near together. Doubled several times they can be made to keep the light out, and in cases of sickness they are often placed to shade the invalid's eyes. Burned in a sick room the smoke kills disagreeable odors. Where is the family in which they are not commonly used to wrap all sorts of articles. The family laundry goes out in the newspaper only to come nome in the neat manilla-wrapped package. What dressmaker could get her gowns home if she had no newspapers? In this city they do not occupy the great field as fire "starters" that they do in

places where there is no natural gas. Their usefulness is not entirely cut off in this direction, and for lamp and gas lighters it has increased. Look in the country house and see them made into fly-catchers, folded into pleats and so cut as to be a delusion and snare to the unwary fly. Cut in long fringes, fastened to a stick and used vigorously they will clear the house of the unwelcome fly. As a true vanquisher of the detested insect, see the flat paddle which the housewife makes. Armed with this she literally smashes them, and red splashes on the windows and wall tell of the dread battle she has successfully fought. The paper plays an important part in the housewife's annual cleaning. They are spread under the carpets, they put the final polish on the windows, on the lamp chimneys, on the metal parts of the house and on ornaments, and the articles to be put away for the winter or summer are safer from the moth and dust if they are carefully wrapped in papers first. Look in the closet and there will be stopperless jugs and bottles. with paper wads doing duty. The flour barrel is more free from dust if a paper is spread over it before the cover goes on. There are houses and houses where the servants use newspapers for tablecloths and

to set kettles and pans on. The small boy finds delight in the paper. Hasn't a piece of newspaper made a fine wrapper for a stolen home-made cigarette? Look at the infant who has to be amused.

The soldier's caps for the boys, the string of "dolls" for the girls and what a sign of ignominy, when used as a dunce cap in school. Again do they delight the eight-and ten-year old when they make a kite, with yards and yards of tail. Men who work out in the cold know that they are fine as chest protectors, as lining for the shoes, to keep the feet warm. Where is the man or woman, or even the child, whose hat is too big, who has not put in a thickness or two of newspaper to make it fit? A few years ago, when the tournure was in vogue, an easily-made "bustle" was fashioned out of a newspaper and a string, and there is no telling but what they will again give shape to the female form if the reviving of old styles continues. With the "overskirt" on the way there is danger and old tricks are well to remember. Does the dancing young man, with too long "pumps," make them fit the foot with a chunk of paper? Are not refractory chimneys cleaned with a blaze from a big bunch of paper, and how about singeing the poultry of its superfluous feathers? When women want to trade patterns the newspaper furnishes the material for a duplicate pattern. The six, eight and ten-year-old will make a house and furnish it completely with a copy or two of a paper, by shaping the pieces with scissors. For a hot summer day, when there is no fan convenient, a paper folded does the duty of a fan. Flowers are saved from the hot and spread

sun and the early frosts by newssmall confectioner's window they keep the sweets from becoming too soft. The lazy housemaid gathers up dirt and scraps on one, if she feels that it is too far for her to go and get the dust pan. Cut into fine strips they often are used to stuff the hammock pillow, and a scrap tucked in by the side of the frame of a painting will keep it from getting crooked. The careful borrower of a book keeps the cover clean with an outside cover of paper. Consider for a moment the editions that are turned into curl papers in this broad land of bangs and frizzes. More than one person has been kept warm with a covering of newspapers between the sheet and upper cover-, and has been thankful that he knew the value of the paper. On some of the sewing machines the hem stitching is made by sewing through many thicknesses of paper, and when sewing gauze or lace a single layer of paper will keep the thin material from being drawn into the shuttle or

An old grandmother once told of putting paper around her legs under her stockings when she was going to take a long cold ride. A hot brick wrapped in a newspaper has been the nightly comforter of more than one who was destined to occupy one of those spare chambers which are the pride of the country matron and the horror of the guest who has been raised in a house with a furnace in it. In most any house on a back street or the rear of a house on a front street a broken window pane has been "mended" with a paper. For these and many more purposes they are used, and in the end they are easily disposed of by giving joy to the children of the family, who watch them go up in flames in a bonfire in the back vard

With all the uses to which they may out, there are still many who grumble at the price of a year's subscription.

THE LONG-TAILED COATS.

The New Styles Make a Man Picturesque and Pleasing. New York Sun.

Within the past few weeks-practically since the beginning of the year-the men who air the new fashion in its extremest form have been appearing on Fifth avenue on sunny afternoons. They are as different in appearance from the men of last year's style as if they belonged to a race apart. They wear the dress of the gentlemen of London and Paris in 1839-or so nearly that costume that if the trousers of the nev fashionables were a little tighter below the knees the imitation would be perfect. As it is, the new departures are mainly in the shape of the hat and the shape of the coats -both the overcoat and the under one. The new hat is the bell-crown beaver, which is quite as pronounced as that that of Beau Brummel which Mr. Mansfield exhibits in his costuming for that part. The sides of this new the are deeply indented, so that the coneavity forms a perfect crescent. The brim, or rim, is quite as, much dished or turned up at either side. It is one of the true functions of the stage to hold the mirror up to fashion as well as to nature, and it was very properly the actors who also introduced us to the new coats. They were first seen in New

York in the play of "Aristocracy," and were observed to be peculiar in their great length and their perfect fitting of the men's waists and hips. They were modeled upon the London tailors' patterns of two years ago, and already the genuine fashion has distanced them, for the new coats seen on the avenue are a few inches longer than those the players wore.

A well-known artist, who is himself loose and easy in his dress, preferring a soft hat and a free-fitting coat to any sort of prim attire, halted as if he was shot when he saw one of the devotees of the new style dawdling along the avenue. He took in the new figure, the stunning bell-shaped hat and the long coat with its ample frock, that hung like a woman's dress almost level with the man's shoe tops.

"Why," he exclaimed, "that's really remarkable. That's stunning, and no mistake. Upon my word, I've got to follow that for a few blocks and take it all in. The fellow looks superb. I have seen Prussian army officers who looked like that, but no one else that I have seen ever cut such a figure. The new hat and coat, eh Well, I should think it might look absurd upon some men, but that fellow, with those shoulders and that military pose and stride, would look stunning if he had invented the fashion himself. Gad! If I see another such man dressed like that I'll rig myself up that way. We men have had few chances to ornament ourselves or to display choice and taste together, but this new style is a great lift for the sex.' On the subject of new coats a fashionable tailor up town, who dresses a good many of the successors of Berry Wall, has an authoritative word to say. "There are two kinds of long top coats in style," he says. "The extremest kind, with a full frock reaching to the shoe tops, is called the Newmarket. It must be dark-of blue, or black or brown-of such shades as to produce the effect of black. The Chesterfieldboth under coat and overcoat-is the one that is cut to end just below the knee. This is the kind that is most preferred, because it is less outre than the other and it is this shorter coat or Chesterfield that should have the velvet collar and cuffs. The trousers that go with these two styles of coats may be of mixed goods, but must not be light. No light trousers have yet been worn with the new dark coats. By the time the new coats are generally adopted I predict that the trousers will all

be as tight as eel kin below the knee." Josiah Allen Learns Something. From "Samantha at the World's Fair." There wuz some little pictures there about

six inches square, and marked: "Little Picters for a Child's Album." And Josiah sez to me, "I believe I'll buy one of 'em for Babe's : Ibum that I got her last Christmas." Sez he, "I've got 10 cents in change, but probably," sez he, "it won't be over 8 "Don't be too sanguine, Josiah Sez he, "I am never sanguinary without good horse sense to back it up. They throwed in a chromo three feet square with the last calico dress you bought at Jonesville, and this hain't over five or six inches

"Wall," sez I, "buy it if you want to." "Wall," sez he, "that's what I lay out So he accosted a Columbus guard that stood nigh, and sez he; "I'm a-goin' to buy that little picter, and want to know if I can take it home now n my vest pocket?" "That picter," sez he, "is \$20,000, owned by the German National Gallery, and is loaned by them," sez he, with a ready flow of knowledge inherent to them guards 'The artist, Adolph Menzel, is to German art what Meissonler is to the French. His pictures are all bought by the National Gallery, and bring enormous sums." Josiah almost swooned away. Nothin' but pride kep' him up I didn't say nothin' to add to his mortifi cation. Only I simply said: Babe will prize that picter, Josiah Al And sez he, "Be a fool if you want to I'm a-goin' to git sunthin' to eat."

Female Friendship.

And he hurried me along at almost a

Maud-The photographer has not done you justice. Marie-How nice of you to say so, dear-Maud-No; he has shown more mercy than justice.

Valuable Collection Lost to Illinois by Altgeld's Folly.

It Is Now in the House Where Lincoln Died-Articles Which Make an Almost Continuous History.

Kate Field's Paper.

RELICS

It is probable that many do not know of the existence of the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia. There is such an association, and among its members are to be found such prominent citizens of Washington as Chief Justice Fuller, Major-General Schofield, Librarian Spofford, Commissioner Parker, Messrs. John Hay, Gardiner G. Hubbard, W. D. Davidge and Charles C. Glover. These residents and many others have joined themselves together for the purpose of cultivating historical interest, and strengthening that reverence for the founders and leaders of the Republic upon which a lasting patriotism must depend.

As means to this end, the association is striving to have marked by tablets, or in other suitable ways, the houses and places throughout the city which should be points of interest to its residents and to visitors at the Capital. These gentlemen also hope to have preserved the most noteworthy houses in the District-such as have been made historic by the residence of the country's great men.

The first house to which the association has turned its attention is the old brick building in Tenth street, into which Abraham Lincoln was carried from Ford's Theater on that fateful night in April, 1865, and in which he died. For some time the association has been urging upon Congress he advisability of purchasing this house and preserving it as a memorial of the martyred President. But so far legislators have turned deaf ears to the proposal, and until recently visitors here looked up at the white tablet

> A. LINCOLN DIED IN THIS HOUSE APRIL 15, 1865.

on the face of the building and then passed on, unable to enter.

It is an ill wind which blows no one any good. The people of Illinois are beginning to wonder why they made Altgeld Governor-and even to wish they had not. The Memorial Association of the District of Columbia, however, has reason to rejoice over his incumbency. It will not take long to show why.

In Springfield, Ill., stands the house in which Abraham Lincoln lived from 1846 until he went to Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States. The house had been leased almost immediately by a family named Tilton, who occupied it during the war. The Tiltons permitted people to go over the house, and fully sixty-five thousand names of visitors were registered while they lived there. During the eighteen years after Mr. Lincoln's death the house was lived in by different families, or else infested by tramps, but in any event it was closed to the public. When Mrs. Lincoln died, the Springfield house became the property of Robert Lincoln, from whom, in 1883, it was rented by O. H. Oldroyd. This man had been a member of a Wide Awake Club before he was old enough to vote; he had fought in the war, and through it all, and ever since 1860 he had been collecting mementos and relics of Lincoln. This collection he took with him into the old homestead, which was once more open to the sight-seer. For five years Mr. Oldroyd leased the house, and then succeeded in getting Robert Lincoln to deed it to the State of Illinois. In accepting the gift, the State undertook to keep the homestead in good repair and in the charge of a custodian, who should open it to the public. Mr. Oldroyd was made custodian at a salary of \$1,000 per year, and held the position for five years. During that time he signed an agreement with the State whereby his priceless collection should become its property should he die while acting as custodian of the house. This was a very one-sided agreement, it would seem, for when Governor Altgeld assumed the reins of government Mr. Oldroyd and his collections were promptly ousted and a new man was made custodian, who receives the same salary for taking care of and exhibiting an empty house. During the ten years of Mr. Oldroyd's incumbency, twenty-six thousand visitors registered at the house.

Whatever injury may have been done to Illinois, Governor Altgeld has been of great service to the Capital and to the Memorial Association. This valuable collection of two thousand relics is now located in the old house in Tenth street, in which Lincoln died, and the association hopes to awaken patriotic sentiment—even in Congress—to the extent of getting the government to

buy the building. Mr. Oldroyd has no wish to sell the collection-in fact, it would be difficult if not impossible to put a price upon it-but am sure he would be willing to give the articles to the government if Congress were to buy the house and make him custodian for life of the building and its contents.

A CONTINUOUS SERIES. These relics and mementos form an almost complete history of the life of Lincoln. A series of old magazine cuts beginning with his birthplace in Hardin county, Kentucky, in 1809, goes on through the family removal to Knob creek, six years later, the second removal to Pigeon Creek, Ind., the following year, and the final settlement in Decatur, Ill., in 1830. One picture shows the spot on Salt river where the raft upset on which his father was carrying to the new home the ten barrels of whisky, which, with twenty dollars in money, had been the purchase price of the farm he and his family were leaving be-

In 1831 Lincoln struck out for himself Leaving home he went to New Salem. I was here that he began his political career by serving Uncle Samuel in the capacity of postmaster. The only memento of this period now in existence is a stand, angular and inartistic in body, but with finished and perfect top, which Mr. Oldroyd had made of wood from the old cabin in which Lincoln kept store and lived in New Salem. Whittier wrote the inscription for it:

Let man be free! The mighty word He spake was not his own, The spirit of the highest stirred

His mortal lips alone. It was in New Salem, also, we are told, that Lincoln fell in love for the first time. He was engaged to Ann Rutledge when she died in 1835. Seven years later Lincoln married Elizabeth Todd in Springfield, and went with his bride to board at the Globe Tavern, where Robert was born, and where the family

continued to live until they purchased the homestead in 1846. When the Lincolns were about to depart for Washington they decided to sell their furniture, and what was not bought promptly by the neighbors for a song was left with a friend for future use. When Mr. Oldroyd came to repurchase the furniture he found it both "scarce and high." The haircloth and mahogany sofas and chairs, the proper parlor furniture of the time, had been purchased from Mr. Lincoln by three sisters-maiden ladies, milliners and, in these days it seems strange to add poor in this world's goods. The three women were proud to be the possessors, at last, of real haircloth furniture. They gave next to nothing for it. Later, when Mrs. Oldroyd wished to repurchase, they asked \$500 for the sofa and \$250 for the rocker. They would probably have secured it, too, but that before Mr. Oldroyd had quite risen to the occasion they were forced by circumstances to leave Texas, and preferred half their asking price to moving the goods. To a carpenter who had been of service to him Mr. Lincoln gave a bedstead. In this shape the man had no room or use for it, so he used the material to make a useful but nondescript article of furniture, partaking of the leading characteristics of hat rack and a whatnot. Other articles of furniture which have been gathered together are an old cooking stove, wooden dining chairs, and a settee large enough for Mr. Lincoln to stretch out upon, some old rushbottom chairs badly in need of new seats, and the chair in which he sat in Ford's Theater on the night in which he received his death-wound. The latter chair has been lent to the memorial association by the Smithsonian Institution, which is also in possession of the hat worn by him on that eventful night. Last, but no least, is a

cradle in which two of the Lincoln children | went out and hung himself.

were rocked and the stepping-stone which used to stand before the door in Springfield. GHASTLY RELICS.

Of course, in so large a collection there

are many things which appeal to the morbid lover of relics. Among these are a bit of the lead coffin, pieces of the cloth which covered the dais on which the coffin rested when the body lay in state, a cedar shaving and silver gimp from the outer coffin, a star and pieces of velvet and crepe from the catafalque, rosettes and badges worn at the funeral, a rose taken from the bosom of the dead President, and pieces of the ropes with which the conspirators were hanged. There is a bit of the rail fence which surrounded the hero's birthplace, and a piece of the surveyor's stake used in designating the center of the monument to his memory in Spring-field. The last apple which dropped from a tree in the yard at the old homestead has been preserved, in symmetry, at least, by being stuck full of cloves, and reposes close to two nails taken from the house itself.

A part of the collection, however, is of value, as well as of interest. The remains of three silver watches, each of which contains a vividly colored portrait of Lincoln, reminds one of the present and similar fad. There is also, in this case, a copy of Lin-coln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud." Lincoln did rot escape the fate of other great men.
"Abraham Lincoln spruce chewing gum"
was very popular in the sixties. There was

Lincoln soap to wash with, Lincoln brick to scour with, and Old Abe tobacco to smoke and chew. Of political souvenirs, there is the rail which was sent to Judge Burton, of Kentucky, in 1860, and which Lincoln's former partner in business swears was one of the thirty thousand which the two men made in Decatur, Ill., in 1830. The man appends to his oath

JOHN X HANKS.

There are pictures of the stirring political scenes of the day, both comic and actual; there is a torch which was carried through the campaign of 1860, and through every one since down to 1888; and there are badges, letter paper, envelopes, postage stamps and currency. It may interest some to know to what

extent the portrait of Lincoln found a place in the executive departments. Mr. Oldroyd has a revenue stamp calling for five pounds of tobacco, another calling for seventy gallons of distilled spirits, a third calling for four ounces of snuff and fourth which has done duty on cigars. Of postage stamps there are four, six, fifteen and ninety-cent stamps which bear Lincoln's head. Each executive department has a set of stamps for its own use, and of these the six-cent stamp of each department has the head of Lincoln. Out of a full set of ancient shin-plasters but one—the fifty-cent scrip—has a picture of Lincoln. His picture is to be found, also, on a ten-dollar greenback, a one-hundred-dollar United States note, and a one-hundred-dollar government bond. These portraits are unusually satisfactory in their resemblance to each other has a set of stamps for its own use, and blance to each other.

"A bill of sale of a nigger" before the war hangs on the wall above the Emancipation Proclamation. A feather from the tail of "Old Abe"—the eagle carried by the Eighth Wisconsin-cannon balls, shells, bayonets, canteens, badges and medals o every presidential campaign in which such things were used, all the war songs that were published during the war and short-hand reports of the trials of the conspira-

tors are also here. It would take too much space to even enumerate all the really valuable articles in Mr. Oldroyd's possession, but I must not pass over the lot of manuscript which has not yet been made entirely ready for the public eye, and which contains an autograph letter from each of the 225 well-known men of the country, every letter embodying the writer's personal recollec-tions of Lincoln. Grant, Sherman, Sheri-dan, Hayes, Dennis Hanks and the Rev. Dr. Barrow have all contributed to the pile of manuscript, and a photograph of the writer accompanies each paper. Scrapbooks carry the reader from Ford's Theater in Washington to the tomb in Springfield; pictures trace Lincoln's life from his birthplace in Kentucky past his burial to the springing of the conspirators' deathtrap in the Arsenal grounds at the Capital, and a thousand sermons in manuscript or printed form, sixty pieces of music written by as many authors, and one thousand biographies show the Nation's interest in its martyred President. It will be a serious loss if the govern-ment does not become the possessor of this collection.

HOW NOT TO GET DULL AND PROSY.

D. P. Baldwin, in Words and Deeds, "Shake up a load of potatoes well," says the venerable adage, "and the little ones will be sure to come up on top." There comes a time in the life of every man who is not eaten up with self-conceit, when he notices that people no longer listen to his profound remarks with admiring faces. when his pet jokes fall upon unresponsive ears, and his great nuggets of solid wisdom are carefully avoided; in a word, when our brilliant hero poses and grows dull, and people silently think over and discreetly

repeat the above saw about small potatoes. What shall we do when these evil days come upon us? Shall we warm up the old self-conceit and reassert with increased vehemence our old and worn personalities? Shall we learn nothing and so gradually get ourselves written down as "that ancient bore?" Or is there a better way, and if so what way? I think there is, and will indicate a few points in this improved way. First of all we should recognize that the world moves, and that education and personality, unless constantly repaired and revived, wear out. 'A splendid education twenty years ago is to-day a back number. Hence, if we would avoid becoming prosy and dull we must keep up with the times; read the last book; familiarize ourselves with the last style of thought and the last word in all sorts of activity. We oldish people who once thought that if we knew our Shakspeare, Whittiers and Brownings; our Thackerays, Howells and George Eliots; our Darwins and LeContes well, we were posted in the drama, poetry fiction and science, are nonplused when told about Ibsen, Hamlin, Garland, Gilder, Kipling, theosophy, hypnotism, etc., etc. and as we know but little of this new cro of authors and subjects we are politely invited to take back seats. Shall we take them? Or is it better to recognize the fact that "the world do move," even I it move in our estimation a little backwards, and still keep at or near the head of the procession? Unquestionably the latter is the better, and in fact the only course to take.

Dwelling on the past is always a dangerous recreation, and one which indicates in cipient decay. "Let the dead bury their dead." To burn over again burnt powder to keep on threshing old straw, is simply waste of time. And yet all of us who have passed the dead line of fifty do it constantly and unconsciously. Old shoes are easy to the feet, and we all prefer them to the new and polished "prison cells of pride" which the world affects so much.

An excellent preventative against growing dull is audacious and aggressive activity As we grow older our skins become thinner and we are more sensitive to criticism and healthy attack. "L'audace, L'audace, toujours L'audace," says the old French maxim. Self-confidence and abandon often win victories undreamed of by those too timid to use these shining and yet two-edged weapons. Often the personality which we put into a commonplace act or word will redeem it from it platitude. Aged dullness is, after all, only personality worn thin. In such cases, while it is always prudent to 'economize a failing stream," still, when you do use it put it to its utmost limit of power. Mr. Beecher once, in addressing a school of oratory, said to his youthful audience: "Never go to your own funerals. Whatever you do or say, let there be surplus of life and force in it.' Are you a public speaker whom the pub lic is getting tired of, or a pamphleteer, newspaper scribbler or crocheteer that no

one reads or listens to any longer? The fault is certainly your own, and the only way to cure it is the course above intimated. When a consciousness of growing dullness comes upon us, that is nature's hint and call for renewed effort and more brains and personality. Neglect these hints if you dare. A man at sixty has a great deal more need of study and effort than the man of forty, because at sixty his faculties have begun to decay. It is the exceptional man that even at sixty can play for any length of time the part of Sir Oracle. He must either gather all his forces together, so as to compete with younger and more vigorous minds, or retire to the rear, become a reminiscence and be forgotten. Duliness is a sin that neither men nor gods forgive or condon Society invariably sends its prosy people, male or female, below the salt. Nor is it in the least to blame, for respect for age is an entirely different duty from patient endurance of boredom. Rather than be a bore a man should imitate the example of Judas, who, instead of interminable talks

and plaints about his side of the case,

THEY MAKE FORTUNES

Hard Times Only a Dream to the "Freaks" of the Dime Museums.

Dearth of Giants, Ossified Men and Jo-Jos on Account of the Old Ones Having Retired Wealthy.

There is a dearth of freaks in Gotham.

New York Herald.

Let men not be misunderstood, however. I do not include in this starement those members of the community who by reason of some mental peculiarity, some hobby which they ride to death or some radical innovation, theory or custom which they espouse are thus denominated by their fellow-beings. In fact, as regards these latter, it may be fairly asserted that New York has been even more interested by their antics lately than in years past. Like the poor, they are always with us. I refer to the "freak" who was thus constituted by birth rather than by cultivation; the freak whom flaring bill boards proclaim as such; the freak who so radically differs from the former class that he is cognizant of his own deformities, cheerfully admits them and turns them to good account as a means of an easy and profitable livelihood-in short, the "never-beforeequaled, most extraordinary, incomprehensible and unexplainable" freak of the dime museum.

If you look for him to-day in Gotham you will not find him. His portraiture, it is true, still adorns in "monumental" canvas the exterior walls of what was once his abiding place; but the original, whose charms of attraction were thus glaringly displayed, has disappeared from the sight

and ken of the vulgar throng. only too patent to every unhappy victim of the dime museum habit. A visit to the curio halls of the city at this time will confirm the statement. Upon those stages where were wont to assemble daily whole families of freaks and where the morbid visual appetite for monstrous deformities could be fully satiated for the small price of a dime, there is nought to content the eye, none but a few unhappy specimens whose uncouthness long ago palled upon the senses of the freak-loving public linger sadly by, dreaming in their neglect of the good old days when hard times came not and when the bright and shining dime had not become a coy and evasive thing.

The dime museum proprietor, however, is ever a hopeful man. The fewer attractions he has and the harder the times the more gayly painted canvas he spreads to catch what breezes may be stirring. When the financial winds scarce produce a ripple of prosperity the wily manager sets all his sails. A good freak never dies-pictorially speaking-so that it requires the eye of a connoisseur in their line to enable one to select and estimate to a nicety from out these multiform emblazonments how many and which ones of them there is a possi-bility of his seeing if he pays his dime and walks in.

For example, there is one museum in the Bowery, which I visited recently, where a jackass and a Circassian woman divided the honors, and incidentally the dimes, between them. There was nothing freakish about the ass, except an inordinate fondness on his part for chewing tobacco, and there was every evidence that this habit was an acquired one, the natural result of the low associations with which he was surround ed. The "Circassian" woman also would have proved of other nationality upon dissection And yet the canvass upon the outside proclaimed this to be a veritable freak para-dise—a place of rendezvous for the gather-ing of the freak clans from every quarter of the globe.

GREAT SCARCITY OF FREAKS. A like condition of affairs I found to prevail at nearly every museum in the city -a well known museum in Fourteentl street being the notable exception, where something like an old-time show was in progress and where I was informed receipts were fully up to the standard of former

But even here, being as I am an interested admirer of the guileless and light-hearted freak, I could not but note with sadness the few representatives who were worthy of the name that now remained from what had once been a stupendous, astounding

The Chinese giant, the negro dwarf, the double-headed girl, the tattooed man, the wild men of Borneo, the bearded lady, the dog-faced boy, the fat woman and the ossified man-all these and more bright, luminous stars of freakdom, who had been powerful alike to lure the gaping "jay" from his transhudsonian haunts and attract the attention of royalty, were no longer there. The character of the show had necessarily undergone a change, and depended for its powers to please upon other sources. It occurred to me that the prevailing financial depression might be responsible for the change; that the hard times which have

thrown so many actors out of employment might have affected also the freaks. I wondered whether or not there might be some sequesterd Rialto to which the representatives of this phase of the show business had temporarily withdrawn themselves where the tattooed man, and the bearded lady, and the ossified man, and the doubleheaded girl might be seen promenading in sunny weather. I wondered if there was, perchance, some retreat whither they re paired pending the revival of business In a conversation with "Tody" Hamilton however, a few days ago, I was speedily distillusionized of all such ideas as these concerning the disappearance from time to time of notable freaks.

"The reason," said he, "why a famou freak, who is advertised far and wide and known all over the country, suddenly disappears and is heard no more of, is simply because he has become immensely wealthy and has retired to private life to end his days in peace and quiet. "It is a fact not appreciated by the public

generally that freaks become enormously wealthy. There is no such thing, moreover, as a first-class freak being out of an engagement. The public will always pay to see a freak like Millie Christine or Lalloo

"Chang, the Chinese giant, who died some time ago in China, left a fortune which was estimated at about \$250,000. Just imagine a Chinaman going back to his native land the possessor of such a sum-in a country, too, where a man can live well on two or three hundred dollars a year. Why, he would be a prince among princes, with everything at his disposal which money could purchase. Do you wonder that he left the business? "Millie Christine, the two-headed giri, has commanded, perhaps, as large prices as any freak in the business. She was paid a thousand dollars a week when she was in this country. You can see that a person commanding such fabulous prices as this will soon be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars by 'showing' twenty-five or thirty

weeks a season. "Compare such a price as this with that which a legitimate actor, of whatsoever merit, can command outside of his own company. For example, Lester Wallack, in his palmiest days, was paid \$3,000 a week, or \$500 a night, out of which he had to pay the entire salaries of his company. When you deduct what these would probably amount to you will see that even that great actor made less money during a theatrical season than the dime museum freak, Millie

LAVE AS LONG AS ORDINARY PEOPLE "I am inclined to think that freaks are as long-lived as the ordinary person. The reason why all these famous freaks have dropped out of public notice is because they have become enormously rich and have retired. Of course, whether a freak retires from the business when he has amassed a fortune depends upon his private associations. If he has a home and friends he usually goes back to them. Sometimes, however, he becomes so attached to the life that he prefers to keep in the business, and wouldn't know where to go if he should

drop out. There are the two Wild Men of Borneo for instance, who have been in the business for some thirty years, and are still engaged in it. They are worth about half a million "It doesn't take but a few years for a 'drawing' freak to become rich. The prices which the more interesting ones command

vary all the way from \$100 to \$1,000 a week.

Then, you see, a freak, by reason of his

physical deformities, has fewer opportuni-

ties than an ordinary person of spending

his money. He can't mingle with society died a poor man. W. P. FISHBACK.

in a social way, and all his traveling ex penses are borne by the show.
"Even the most ordinary freak gets \$2 or \$30 a week, which is more than he could possibly earn at his trade, and can become

in time comfortably well off. "Nearly every freak of notoriety has his or her manager, whose business it is to 'place' the freak with different shows. This manager is apt to be the person who originally 'discovered' the freak, and who was the means of bringing him before the public. A big freak is a prize for his manager, and often makes both their fortunes in a few years.

"Russia, for some reason or other, is pro-lific in freaks. Jo-Jo, the dog-faced Rus-sian boy, was a native of that country. He, by the way, made an immense fortune here, and is now somewhere in Europe. "Are freaks usually born among the lowest classes, and are they ever intelligent!
No and yes. It is my opinion that nearly as many are born among the intelligent classes but we don't hear of them as often. Those born among the poorer classes are much more liable to be exhibited in public than

"There is just as great a demand on the part of the public for this form of amuse-ment as ever. If the Siamese twins were alive to-day they would probably attract even greater attention than when they were living. I believe that the dime museum as an institution is being supplanted by the low-price theater, which gives a continuous performance, but I see no reason why a first-class freak may not always be a draw-

ing attraction. "A great many freaks are bright, intelligent and educated. For example, I am told that Annie Jones, the bearded lady, is an intelligent woman and a model wife. Many other like cases could be mentioned. "All of which goes to show that even the generally esteemed misfortune of being a freak may have its redeeming features."

THE MARION COUNTY BAR IN 1357.

John C. New was clerk of the courts in 1857, by appointment to the vacancy caused by the death of William Stewart, in whose office he had been a deputy. At a special election in the autumn of that year he was chosen for the full term over his competitor, George W. McOuat, by a majority of thirty-seven. Mr. New was clerk in fact. He was personally cognizant of every item of business transacted in the courts during Such is the lamentable truth, which is his term. When court was in session he was at his desk in the court room and made every entry on the entry dockets. An inspection of the books will show that he was rarely absent even for a part of a day from his post. Many important entries which are now prepared by counsel were then written by the clerk. I have heard a story which well illustrates Mr. New's capacity for accuracy. A final decree was to be prepared in some case in which it was essential that a certain prescribed form should be observed. Mr. New, who was perfeetly familiar with such things, was about to draft the entry, but a technical lawyer, who was not willing to trust him, objected somewhat brusquely and said he would not run the risk of mistake by the clerk, and would do it himself, which he did. Soon after court adjourned he was proceeding to execution on his decree, when he discovered that while he had put a great deal of useless verbiage in the record he had omlited something which was absolutely essential. He was delayed six months and was put to the expense of a new suit to correct his mistake. Mr. New then had a single deputy, Gen. Fred Knefler, who wrote up the order book every night so that the record was ready for the signature of the judge next morning. After the panic of 1857 the dockets were crowded with collection cases. Every lawyer was pushing for judgment and execution without delay. In the Common Pleas fifty-eight judgments were rendered in one day, and when court met the next morning Knefler had entered them all at large on the order book in his plain characteristic handwriting. I remember that Governor Wallace, then judge of the Common Pleas, said to Kneffer at the close of a day's session: "Well, my young man, you will have an opportunity to study astronomy to-night." Knefler, at one time, wrote three days and nights without sleep, keeping himself awake with strong French coffee. When it is remembered that Fred ran with the machine in the old fire department, never missing a fire and often achieving the honor of holding the nozzle by beating Berry Sulgrove to the engine huose, one can see that the habit of constant employn.ent which has always marked his career was well formed in his younger days. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that he did more work every day than any three of Mr. Wilson's able and efficient assistants, The costumes as well as the customs of the lawyers of that day were peculiar. Mr. Lucien Barbour wore a short Spanish cloak, which he brought home from Washington at the end of his congressional term. Robert Walpole never appeared except in a dress suit of black broadcloth and black satin vest, and for headgear he invariably

wore a stovepipe hat. Several attorneys had overcoats for winter wear, but the

most of them carried shawls on their shoul-

ders. These garments were of various styles.

then a clerk in Geisendorff's woolen mill

across the canal, for \$3.50. It was some-

thing like the suit of Moses Primrose,

which the good Vicar described as being o

a pattern called "thunder and lightning.

As the procession of lawyers moved on the

courthouse on a frosty morning they looked

like a company of Pottawottamie Indians

coming from the agency. The use of the

shawl by gentlemen was recommended by

physicians. It is so easy to lay it aside or

put it off or on when entering or leaving

a warm room. Some wore their shawls

so smartly that it gave them quite a dudish

appearance, but as a rule the costume gave

the wearer a slovenly, draggletailed, not to

say, dissipated air. It is but just to say

that the use of this base imitation of the

Roman toga was not confined to the lawyers; it was worn by all classes. Last Sunday I spoke of Judge Wick in connection with Judge Morrison. Wick was a man of powerful frame, very tall, of dignified carriage and sedate and deliberate in his manner of speech. He made light of the small annoyances of life. Coming home from Washington at the end of a session of Congress, of which he was a member, he applied for board and lodging to Mr. Pyle, the proprietor of the Pyle House, which was then located where the Grand Hotel stands. The only vacant room was in the attic and the only outlook was through a dormer window in the west roof. There was no hotter or more uncomfortable place in town. Judge Wick took it without grumbling, remarking that there were "only about one hundred hot days in the summer aryhow." I have seen him pacing the streets with his measured sten which was not accelerated in the least by the fact that the rain was pouring down upon his silk hat and broadcloth suit. He said he would not be bothered with an umbrella. I think he succeeded Judge Peasle on the Circuit bench, and Peasiee resumed the practice. In one of his first cases before Wick, Peaslee cited some case in which he, when judge, had decided a legal question bearing on the controversy. "That may have been good law when you were on the bench, Judge Peaslee, but there is another man 'guessing' at the law in this court now," remarked Judge Wick, And he was a good guesser. Possessing a large fund of common sense, a rare instinct for getting at the justice and merits of a controversy, and being thoroughly grounded in the elementary principles of the law, he was an able and efficient judge. He tried a case as special judge after I came to Indianapolis. It was a very old equity case which had stood as a snag in the docket, and, as the regular judge had been dodging it for several terms, counsel had Wick appointed to try it. The argument, which consumed a whole day, was patiently listened to. The next morning Judge Wick came upon the bench with the bulky papers done up in red tape, which had probably not been untied, and proceeded as follows: "Well, gentlemen, this case has bothered me a good deal. I went home last night and sat by the fire and thought it all over for an hour or two, and couldn't make up mind. I then went across the street to Henry's bowling alley, and after a glass of beer rolled a game of nine-pins. and went home and went to bed. After a good night's sleep my mind cleared up, and I think now I understand this case at any rate, I will give you the best guess I can about it." He then went on with a most lucid statement of the facts and the law as applied to them, so that the lawyers, in spite of all the Judge had said, were satisfied that their case had been carefully considered. Judge Wick had been a prominent Democratic politician, having served in Congress, and having held the office of postmaster at Indianap-olis during Pierce's administration. Like

most of his professional brethren, he lacked

what Hugh O'Neal called the "ground-